

### Third Anniversary

After the struggle for position  
and the lack of timing  
and the misses and the pain  
and the collapse of his arms  
they sit like two drunks  
dizzily watching dust marks  
slide over their eyes  
and wonder distantly  
if that was love.

### Bridge

The road peels off  
six lanes booming cars  
and the rain stings  
thru glass and steel  
and the bridge has me  
and I grab for myself  
and sing scared to death  
until I'm shouting  
to deafen the killer  
conning me to turn off  
make it over the edge.

-- Phil E. Weidman

North Highlands, Calif.

### Recounting

What a thunder  
it sometimes starts  
that recounting  
of past miseries,  
like the fistfight  
with his father  
fought over and over  
in his dreams, each time  
the old wound  
erupting like an ulcer  
and a thunder of voices  
accusing, condemning  
him for his  
lack of tolerance,  
for destroying the man  
in an old man.

### Do-Dads

I sit up all night  
like someone crazy  
thinking up excuses  
to stay up. Night  
is common to me.  
Trains pass through  
me at night. Ordinary  
trains with spaces  
between the cars  
and hobos dangling  
their legs over the  
side every so often.

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